

# TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. T. U.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS FRIEDA DRESSLE,

MRS. U. WAY.

"O'ward, voters! Hope is blooming;  
Dawns the day of ruin's death;  
Sunlight breaking, lifts the gloom;  
Tardy statesman, hold your breath."

I. O. G. T.

Good Templars will meet again Friday night, April 10, in Trades and Labor hall, as usual. Every member is urged to be present. The captains of sides have their badges on, and every thing is progressing nicely. A fine supper will be given soon by the losing side. Don't be on the losing side.

While it is perhaps true that many men are helping to fight the saloon who never had any early training along temperance lines in their youth, yet if we take the trouble to learn who are the leaders, we will find that they are as a rule the boys and girls of years ago who signed the pledge, and had experience in filling the officers' chairs in a temperance lodge room, and without their trained leaders this onward movement of the temperance cause would not be going on. Keep the ranks filled up by getting new members in the lodges. It has been proven many times that one trained soldier is worth a hundred who go at things at random, go in this temperance warfare we want the best.

The wave of the prohibition of the liquor traffic is spreading north in earnest, nearly all of the counties in Ohio having voted the saloon out, and now Indiana are following. The last legislature of Indiana in general session passed a county local option bill, and thus far every county that has voted has driven the saloon out. The saloon keepers and brewers claim that it means ruin for the country to take so much business as they create away, but it has been proven by facts and figures many times that when the saloon has been driven out and kept out, that jails and poor houses are empty, taxation has decreased, and the people are prosperous and happy.

Shakespeare wrote, "Oh! Thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil." As the eleventh commandment given us by our Lord and Savior is applied more to the customs, society and the laws of our land, this evil spirit in like proportion will be cast out from the heart and the home, the community and the nation.

## UNCLE SAM AND THE SALOON KEEPER.

Here is a parable from Caleb Cobweb. Once Uncle Sam called on the saloon keeper. "I have been hearing bad words about your business and about you," said Uncle Sam, "and I have a big notion to close up your whole business." The saloon keeper was greatly alarmed, and at once took Uncle Sam into front of his fine building and showed him the throng of men pressing in.

"See how well dressed and respectable they are," urged the saloon keeper. "Some of the families in town patronize my establishment."

Then he showed Uncle Sam the great trainloads of grain that were

rushing to the distillery, the army of workmen employed in brewery, distillery and saloon, and the great stream of money kept in brisk motion by the enterprise.

Uncle Sam stood for a little with his chin in his hand, and then he looked up with a sharp eye. "There is a front side and a rear side to every business. You have showed me what goes into your establishment, now show me what comes out. I have learned not to estimate a business by the raw materials, but by the product. Conduct me to the rear of your establishment."

This the saloon keeper refused to do. He knew that the long line of murders, suicides and hungry children and suffering wives and wrecks of men and women made by the saloon would convince Uncle Sam that his business was unprofitable for the country.

### UNCLE SAM'S RECRUITS.

An United States navy official makes the following statement: "If young Americans would stop smoking cigarettes, Uncle Sam would not have near so much trouble in getting recruits. The figures which show the number of young men who make application for entrance to the navy, but are refused because of a heavy habit due to cigarette, would startle even those who are familiar with the results of the use of the weed."

### CIGARETS TO BLAME.

Dr. David Paulson, president of the National Anti-Cigarette League, says that the rapid increase of insanity in this country is due to the number of cigarettes smoked by young boys.

When a boy starts out on the road to

manhood he is met with temptations all along the pathway to guide him wrong. Besides the hereditary evil entailed through his father, he comes in contact with temptations set up by older people to lead him wrong. On every hand the boy finds some kind of a chance, a slot machine, a card machine, or some other device that is run in violation of law, and the boy soon acquires the habit of a "dead game sport" and is on the road for big game with the cards—his brain added—his future jeopardized and himself distrustful for honesty in any honorable position in life. He blows his money chasing after that luck which, escapes him and returns to get beat in the same way. In such a career we find prisons filled, the gallows choking the life out of another victim, public sentiment condemning, but the source from whence the boy starts to the prison or gallows is permitted to continue. Why permitted? Because men like to violate the laws to gain a nickel or dime and indulgent authorities allow it. Now where is the blame if you or your neighbor's boy finds his way to prison or gallows? The question needs no answer. The laws made especially to protect boys from starting wrong in life are disregarded and when continued years, public conscience dulled and seems to acquiesce in the starting of boys on the wrong road. If the laws are good, they enforce them. It requires some moral force to enforce laws, but he who falls in his duty is not a protector of the boys who need to be started right. Boys are imitators of their elders and if older men live in violation of law, a community of boys must as a matter of course, grow up with no regard for law than the ones they imitate.—Eaton Leader.

The world is full of good advice. Of prayer, and praise, and preaching; But generous souls who aid mankind Are like diamonds, hard to find.

Give like a Christian, speak in deeds; A noble life's the best of creeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives a lift when men are down.

The officials of Huntington Park, Cal., have issued an ordinance against the manufacture and sale of any form of cigaret tobacco.

History has it that some hundred years ago, when the steam loom began to displace the hand loom, the starving weavers of Britain and Scotland vented their rage on the new loom, smashing them to bits. But that did not destroy steam weaving. No more did the temporary advantage of labor, will it now allow itself to be throttled for the temporary advantage of capital. Mechanical development of production will break no unfair trade, and the capitalist is the chief teapooner.

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If this steam digging would give work to 500 men with shovels, why not get 500 men with teaspoons for the job?"

George was right. Yet today, who are the teaspooners?

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men. His horizon is bounded by capitalism. Like the world-engrinding snake of Asgard, capitalism ever was, and ever will be. As John Mitchell, presuming to talk for the coal mine workers, said, "he has given up all hope of ever being anything else but a wage-earner." No thought of a better system sheds its guiding ray upon him; he seeks but to cast his chains on the wretched one. To such an one, the mission of advance machinery, namely to release the race from the sordid grubbing for an existence, is a sealed book. His mind is closed to that fact, he can see in the improved tool only a competitor, a menace to his job. Hence he swears by the teaspoon, and passes resolutions in his craft union against the steam-shovel.

Won Revolutionist and Capitalist.

But far more vicious and harmful to society than the capitalist, the teapooner workingman is the constantly teapooning capitalist. To him also, capitalism is as it was in the beginning and evermore shall be. Whereas, with the non-revolutionary workingman it is ignorance alone, here it is both ignorance and self-interest which shut out the conception of a superior social system, and render the outlook for better things hopeless. Make hay while the sun shines, becomes the capitalist motto. Prices must be kept up, therefore vast agricultural areas are left untill, and factory production curtailed. Trust plants must run at a profit, therefore competitors are bought and closed down. Now machinery means a dead loss on the old equipment, therefore, patents are locked in the safe and never utilized. Hosts of men and women must be employed to boost and run one's own business, and to outwit competitors, therefore they are withdrawn from productive activity. With all due credit for the mechanical advances it has made, capitalism still stands as the world's monumental squanderer of men and forces. The capitalist is the main teapooner.

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death. The house is now vacant—the neighbors say it is unlucky.

If the poisonous East Side tenement and the disease-haunted Indiana house were rare exceptions they would be of little importance. They are not exceptions; they are types. The tenement is one of many hundreds in New York city alone. It has its twin brother in Boston and Pittsburgh, and its cousins are varying degrees in Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and even in the lesser cities, such as Albany, Hartford and Yonkers. The country house has its duplicates by the thousands in every part of these United States where ignorance leads people to place in tight, closed rooms, toward the good air and sunlight in the world will not save the man who at night fills his lungs with the tainted atmosphere of a close sleeping apartment. But in any case the authorities should no more permit poor tenants to move into an apartment which is presumably infected by the former occupancy of a consumptive than they should allow the inhabiting of a building which is obviously on the verge of collapse, or the entrance of an audience into a theater without fire escapes.—Hopkins Adams, M. D., in McClure's Magazine.

### CURRENT COMMENT

"Many American cities of 50,000 have congestion of population in tenements, factories and offices, which creates problems for which we cannot find solutions," declares the committee on Congestion of population in New York. The trouble with the committee is that it is like the amiable Sam Weller, who when asked by the court whether his father were present, looked straight at the ceiling and replied, "I don't see 'im, Sir!" although his distinguished parent sat only a few benches from him.

It surely must be with the purpose of proving once and for all time that riches and ability, and that they can come in no other way, that Hunt Tilford Dickenson, a nine-year-old boy has been left a legacy of \$4,000,000 by his deceased Standard Oil uncle, W. H. Tilford.

J. A. Chaloner, having been declared incompetent by the courts of New York state, has decided to remain in Virginia, in which state he is adjudged sane, and where he will lead "the life of a country gentleman" on \$13,000 per. In the coming industrial revolution those who would live without work will be adjudged insane in whatever state they may be. Where will they go then?

Whatever the new tariff bill, just introduced in congress will do, one thing it will undoubtedly accomplish—to reduce (on paper) the wealth of deceased landlords. The new tariff bill provides an inheritance tax of 1 per cent on direct inheritances of \$10,000 to \$100,000; 2 per cent on \$100,000 to \$500,000; and 3 per cent on those over \$500,000. The appraised size of inheritances will undergo a miraculous shrinkage.—Weekly People.

Brown Mushroom Sauce.

One can mushrooms, one-quarter cup butter, one-quarter cup flour, one-half lemon juice, two cups consommé or brown stock, salt and pepper. Drain and rinse mushrooms and chop finely one-half cup of same. Cook five minutes with butter and lemon juice, drain, brown the butter, add flour and when well browned add gradually consommé or stock. Cook 15 minutes, skim, add remaining mushrooms cut in quarters or slices and cook two minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Trim and cut in short lengths two or three heads of celery. Pour boiling water over them and let stand ten minutes. Put one pint of milk in a sauce pan with two bay leaves, a little pepper and powdered mace, then add the celery and cook until tender. Melt a teaspoonful of butter and stir in an